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Chapter 1 by Supercomicbookgirl

No one knows my secret, but me, and I rather keep it that way, but I know danger is lurking in the shadows. I could be discovered any minute. And just like that, it would be the end of me, but I can't help to continue, nothing was ever the same after that first time. Every time I remember it, how I kept thinking there wouldn't be any way back if I truly went through with it, and after it was done how the amazing sensation of adrenaline pumping through my bloodstream. People could say it's an addiction, but to me it's work, I belong to that small group that can honestly say they love their job. And people would despise me for it, if they knew that is.

I've destroyed families, dug up great personal secrets for the world to see, cut up relationships. People call it immoral, but then how come it just feels so good when you're watching the news, and they're talking about you, but you are the only one who'll ever know that's the truth. Of course that is if I'm not careless and betray myself **snicker**.

'what are you all smiling about?' Dark, and hot room, disgusting smell, and a crooked chair. the usual scene, I've come to love it, you'll learn how to once you come here often enough, this is practically my home

'oh it's nothing. Now tell me, who is this people? you obviously must hate them enough for you

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